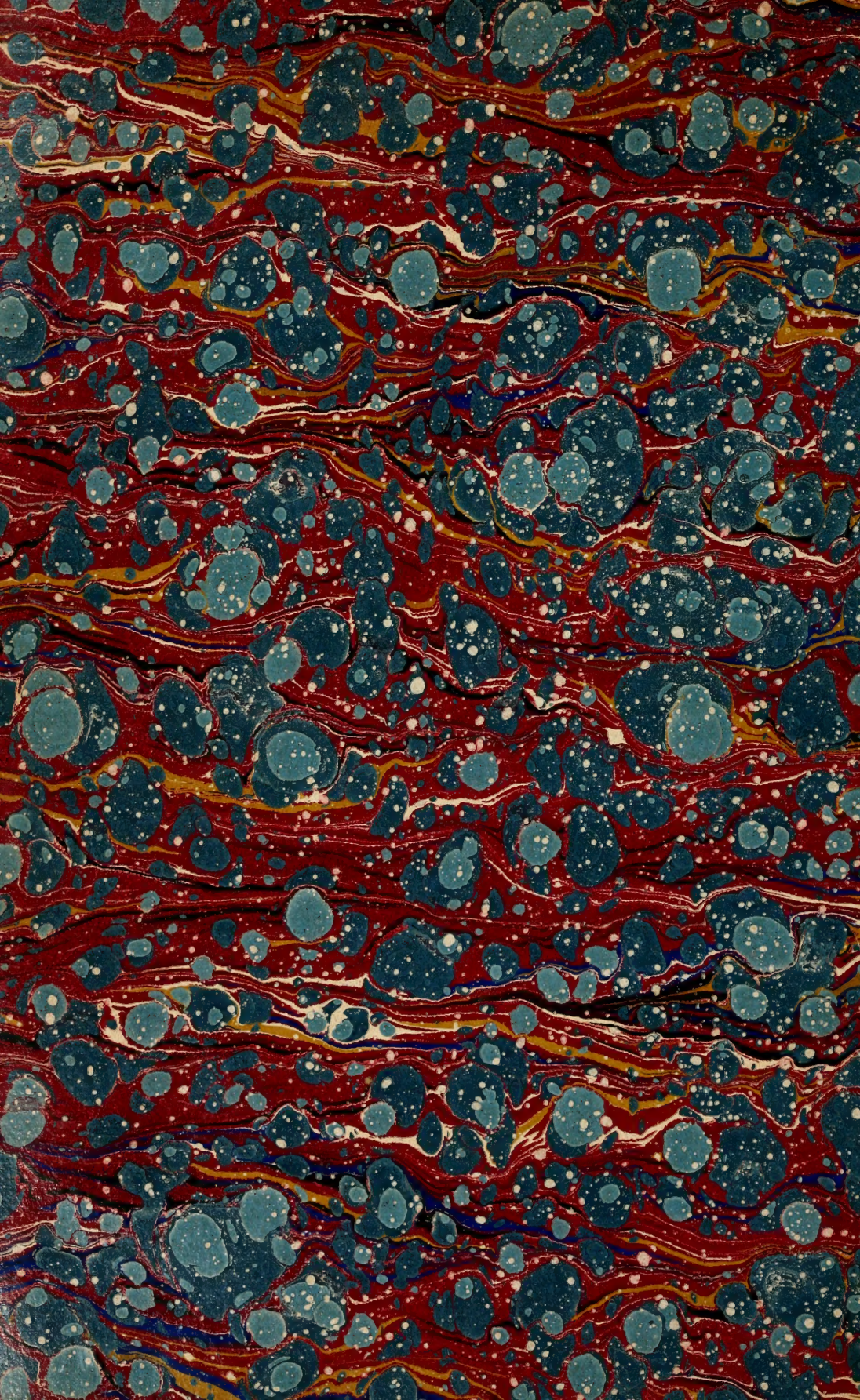

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# The Onlooker

*A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs*

Vol. I—No. 9 TORONTO, JANUARY, 1921 Price—20c.

## For the People

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# THE ONLOOKER

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

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## WHAT FOOLS WE MORTALS BE

UNLESS something be done soon, we will be swallowed up by the United States.

The heavy discount of our dollar by the American is swiftly driving us into his arms.

We can save ourselves by making more goods at home and buying less from the United States.

It is humiliating to realize that we are dependent upon the United States for one billion dollars of goods each year, while we sell them less than half of that. More than half of these imported goods could be made in Canada, giving employment to hundreds and thousands of workmen.

It is not only humiliating, it is disgusting to know that it is because we buy extensively from the United States goods we could make at home that our dollar is declared by the American to be worth only 85c. to 90c.

Surely the sound common sense of the Canadian people will assert itself and put an end to these one-sided trade conditions which are surely driving us to national financial disaster.

In view of these conditions, it is difficult to have patience with men who preach free trade or low tariff—the effect of which could only be to discount our dollar still more and put us absolutely at the mercy of the American.

Let us think straight and act like patriotic Canadians.

How in the name of all that is good and holy can we hope to develop into a great nation; how can we expect to keep our young people within our borders if we let the people of the United States continue to manufacture for us five hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods each year which we are quite capable of producing ourselves?

What is really the matter with us? Have we lost our old time power of firmly gripping and resolutely dealing with national questions?

Are we so supine that we will not object to being led by the nose by the farmer agitators with their free trade doctrines taken out of books—sixty to seventy years old—doctrines which in the light of present-day conditions are nothing short of clap-trap.

We would be the worst kind of fools if we destroyed our industrial and farming structures at the behest of men who are either wilfully blind to facts or have not the ability to recognize facts when they are put before them.

ALPHA.

## CAN GERMANY COME BACK?

AT first sight it would seem that Germany could not come back for many a long day at least—say a half a century. Her condition is to the last degree pitiable. Before the war her national wealth was estimated at about seventy billions of our money. She was not heavily burdened with debt, and had solid assets to offset them in the form of state railways, national forests, mines, etc. The Empire was magnificently administered. Whatever may be said about the centralized idea of government, culminating in the half religious, wholly feudalistic worship of the Kaiser, slovenliness, graft, inefficiency, formed no part in it. Bismarck's boast that the yearly audit of the Prussian budget was the most exact thing on earth was not far short of the truth. It was probably the most honest of modern governments, and the most economical. And this honesty extended downwards to the humblest town-council. The large, loose gestures of Democracy were abhorrent to the modern Prussianized German. He detested with all his soul the indifference of America and England to trivial balances. Not that he was incapable of thinking on large lines—we know to our bitter sorrow that he was not—but that he made a god of system, and carried into the most minute expenditures the spirit of exactness born of the scientific method. He aimed at a world in which waste should be unknown, and practically achieved his ideal. The result—unique, we will venture to assert, in human annals—was brought about as a result of military drill all along the line. Modern Germany presented the spectacle of a nation dominated by the philosophy of the sword.

Up to the time of the Napoleonic wars Germany (not Prussia) was a picturesque chaos, without unity either of heart or head. Combinations of the German tribes there were from time to time, of course, but they were of the nature of the kaleidoscope, and depended for their permanence more upon dominating personalities than upon any real coming together of the peoples. The Reformation tragically emphasized differences already existing. Bavaria remained (and is to this day) stubbornly, invincibly Roman Catholic; Baden split; Wurtemberg, Saxony, Prussia espoused the reformed faith; the Rhine Palatinate held in the main to the ancient forms, though the people, owing to their contiguity to France, became politically tolerant of Republicanism.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump"! In the year 1415 the Emperor Sigismund sold to the Burgrave of Nuremberg the margraviate of Brandenburg, and the Hohenzollern camel got its head into the German tent. Steadily, insidiously, with something of the character of fate, the Hohenzollern power increased and multiplied until at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, from being almost the most insignificant and certainly the poorest of the German

states, it had reached the pinnacle of absolute domination over the whole of the new Empire. At the outbreak of the Great War Prussia comprised quite two-thirds of the extent of the German Empire, and more than two-thirds of the wealth and population. It was Germany; incontestably so; and, although an almost ritual regard was paid to the susceptibilities of the lesser states, it is none the less true that they were but vassals. Bismarck's rough treatment of Frankfort, of Hanover, of Saxony, and of Bavaria revealed the absolute dominance of Prussia as in an arranged flashlight. Saxony did not wish to side against Austria: Prussia marched through her. Bavaria did not wish to take up arms against France: Bismarck gave her the alternative of extinction and placed the Bavarian troops where the fire was heaviest.

It was not so much the triumph of a people as of a type, a caste. The Prussian is not a true German. He is a Balto-Slav. The Frei-herr—the descendant of the Teutonic knight—is not of the same ethnic stock as his vassals or slaves. It was the Frei-herr type that created modern Germany. He was the leaven.

Bismarck was in the habit of describing the German folk as "a nation of house-servants." What he meant was that they were pliable, amenable to force, obedient to their superiors, slaves of system and command. And all this is curiously true of the Frei-herr class itself in its relation to the house of Hohenzollern, whose head bore the title of Supreme War-Lord. It would almost seem as though the doctrine of the divine right of kings had been forced upon the head of the state—a necessity of the situation. Assassinations of monarchs have been very rare in Prussia, though common enough elsewhere. Even Bismarck was dismissed like a lackey, and took his disgrace like a loyal servant. The whole nation was shocked, stunned, but acquiesced, and Wilhelm III lived to become the idol of the mob.

Now, given a monarch whose power rests, half upon the doctrine of Divine Right and half on the fear of force, and a nobility, each one of which is a lesser monarch, and a *bourgeoisie* reflecting the qualities of heart, mind and soul of those above them in the social scale, and so on down to the drill-sergeant and even the corporal, and all bound together by selfish interests (the interests of caste and class), and place at the disposal of these exponents of authority a credulous, pageant-loving, industrious and naturally obedient population, and it is obvious that ultimate good or evil will result. If the Supreme Lord be wise, clement and just, his example will spread like a glad light through the land; but if he be vain, arrogant, conceited, selfish and cruel he will be but a procurer for the lords of hell, and the nation will take the path that leads straight to the pit and misery.

Politically Germany has been shaped by persons and not by

ideas, and herein lies the tragedy of that land. Now, bereft of the guidance of great informing minds, she has started out, almost without a chart, on the sea of political experiment, with results to be seen.

Behind the average Britisher there is a thousand years of character. He has widened the bounds of his liberty by endless experimentation and by holding fast to established precedents. The state is the reflection of the British character. It is the creation of Britain *en masse*. Britain has always been governed by mobs in love with liberty. The ultimate control of legislation has always been from beneath. The pattern of the future has never been given "on the mount," but forged into shape on the plain. It is to the common heart and the common mind that the great statesmen of England have always looked. It is impossible to stifle national desire in Great Britain by a standing army, a church claiming divine warrant, or a kingship basing its claim to rule on extra legal sanctions. As there is freedom there is power. The doctrine of "common consent" is supreme in Britain. The freedom is real. There are no ultimate checks; and it is precisely because there are no checks but the law of the House of Commons that the average Britisher has developed a power of restraint and conservatism that places him as a being apart. The check on folly, extravagance and anarchy is from within, of the individual, from beneath—the true source of power and safety. The nation never runs amuck; compromise is of the breath of its life. It is safe to say of Britain that no matter what the political development may be, this strange, unique power in the average Britisher of coming to a full stubborn pause on the edge of the abyss would avert disaster. The magnanimous man is always open to a reasonable compromise; because what he seeks is justice and a working agreement. If the average Britisher "dearly loves a lord" it is because he and the lord practically desire the same thing for the country; at heart, think and feel as one. If the high-kingship is honored and held in affectionate reverence it is because the king is primarily a simple English gentleman whose deepest desire is the prosperity and glory of Britain, and because he takes up into himself and embodies not only the past of history, but the splendid present and the unimaginable future.

Modern Germany is the creation of a caste; modern Britain is the creation of the free, unrestrained popular will. This, seemingly founded upon the shifting sands of popular passion, has endured; that, to all appearances based on a rock, has been shattered to fragments. The German looks up for guidance; the Britisher looks within. When, as has happened in our own day, in the case of Germany, the source of authority is dried up the people are forced to depend upon inherited habits of mechanical obedience. The ingrained routine of military submission to constituted authority is holding the German masses at this hour; but the Ebert Government

commands no respect, and therein lies a great danger. Force was the last and terrible resource of the war lords; but where is the force to-day? The system is intact, but the informing soul is absent.

Germany to-day is in the position of France during the Consulate. Let a Teutonic Napoleon arise and the nation would spring to its feet. This is what France dreads and is striving to prevent. Foch has no illusions. He remembers the teachings of history. The Germans are living at this hour under monarchical institutions. It is doubtful if a single precedent has been changed. Officialism, *i.e.*, the Imperial system, is in control, and all power is subordinate to it. The machine created by the Great Elector grinds on, and, should the Kaiser return to-morrow, the only difference would be in a signature. There has been no seizure of land or of property as in Russia. The Frei-herr is still in command of his estate. Titles have not been abolished, and are not likely to be, for the mind of the people is feudalistic. The German nobility may, we believe will, come back, and the bitterness of hell is in their hearts.

If, on the other hand, the German folk should, as a result of all these tribulations, suddenly discover an understanding, a passion and an enthusiasm for democracy, Europe's problems would be well on the way to solution. It seems, taking into consideration the character of the people, almost too much to hope for. National psychology seems to survive all changes. It is as elusive as mist; as hard as adamant. Napoleon's remark that the Prussian was "born of a cannon-ball" showed a shrewd understanding.

The Germans may or may not be a nation of house-servants: they most certainly are a nation of specialists. We have discovered to our sorrow that the specialist is the most dangerous being in the world. In the sense that the possession of creative imagination is the sign-manual of superiority the Germans must be placed below the English, the French, the Italians, and even below the select elect of Russia; but in the possession of patience, thoroughness, exactness, power of assimilating ideas, and in a capacity for unwearied toil they unquestionably stand first. Germany has very few capital inventions to her credit. It is ludicrously easy to prove it. If we were dependent on the unaided German brain we would be back in the days of the stage-coach. The telegraph, the cable, the telephone, the wireless, the phonograph, we owe to English, American and Italian brains. The stationary engine, the locomotive, the steamboat, the overhead trolley, the steel ship, the triple-expansion engine, the turbine, we owe to Anglo-Saxons. The Bessemer process of making steel, the open-hearth process, crucible steel, are of English origin. The names that count in the history of Iron are Payne, Hanbury (the rolling mill), Cort (grooved rolls), Nasmyth (steam hammer), Huntsman (the crucible process)—all English. To White and Taylor we owe "high-speed tool steel," which has wrought a revolution in modern industry.

Take another field of industry—the clothing of mankind. Arkwright discovered the first practical spinning-jenny. It was a poor, primitive affair, but it worked. Paul Hargreaves and Crompton added vast improvements, and their inventions are the bases of all the elaborate machinery of to-day. It is the same story in weaving. John Kay invented the fly-shuttle; Jacquard, the hand-loom. Cartwright was the first to block out the power loom: it remained for Radcliffe and Johnson in 1803 to perfect it. Miller, Hornby, Kenworthy, Diggle, Northrop, carried on till perfection was achieved. Elias Howe invented the sewing machine; Whitney the cotton gin; Blake, Gordon MacKay and Goodyear the modern processes for making boots and shoes by machinery. Napier and Hoe invented the modern printing press; and Sheridan and Smyth revolutionized the art of binding. The typewriter is American; the adding machine English.

So much for the practical arts. Let us turn to a higher world. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; Priestley, oxygen; Jenner, the efficacy of vaccination; Pasteur, the principle of antitoxin. Boyle, Cavendish, Davy, Lavoisier, Dalton, created modern chemistry. In physics the English have always been supreme and are to-day. It is not without meaning that Newton and Kelvin lie close together in Westminster Abbey. The list here would take up an entire volume. Lavoisier was the poet who dreamed the nebular hypothesis; Newton discovered gravitation and gave us the Principia; Charles Darwin worked out the theory of evolution. Daguerre gave us photography; Simpson stilled the waves of pain, sharing the glory with Norton; Huygens revealed the world of the infinitely minute, and it is to the same country (Holland) that we owe our first revelation of the glories of space through the telescope.

One might go on for a volume; but enough has been written to prove that we owe our civilization to certain elect nations, and Germany is not of the lists.

Yet Germany has countless illustrious names—in literature and music especially; and it would be a mistake to imagine that because the glory of discovery has been denied her that therefore survival is denied. The fable of the Hare and the Tortoise is not without significance. It would be well to practise vigilance. Rome did not possess the creative genius of Greece, yet Rome, because of a certain hardness and width of political vision, ruled a vast empire for centuries, and when she fell the dark ages supervened. The races of genius run grave and terrible risks, and, in the end, succumb to the slow, methodical and tenacious stocks. It is not the lack of creative genius in the Teuton that should be the source of our confidence, but the assimilation by ourselves of those very qualities of thrift, endurance, tenacity, patience and preparedness which lay, and lie, at the source of his power. The first-class mind devoid of these very qualities has no chance whatever, in the long run, against the second-

class or even the third-class mind in whom they predominate. Nor can a race, however gifted and brilliant, stand up, when it comes to race-survival, against a phlegmatic people who, amid all discouragements, press like fate itself in the direction of world-mastery. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." If, instead of despising Germany, we should set about a serious study of the logical steps by which Germany *almost* gained world-mastery, we would be well advised. There was, indeed, an awful moment in 1917 when she seemed on the eve of achieving her dream. This is not the time to reveal the full facts; but when the history of a momentous conference, hurriedly called when the German was at the gates of Amiens, is fully revealed, the name of one man—worn-out and in retirement—will shine in letters of light. Germany possesses certain qualities which we precisely lack, and if we fail to learn the real lesson of the war, viz., *the causes of her colossal strength*, we shall some day pay for our criminal neglect. Nineveh, "that hard and bitter nation," prevailed against Babylon; the Macedonian phalanx overcame the less warlike tribes of Greece; the Osmali Turk subjugated Arabia, and a large part of Europe; the Prussian cohorts devoured the greater part of Germany; the iron will of Napoleon laid Europe prostrate. It is all summed up in these words—discipline, hardness, virility, tenacity, desire, preparedness.

Is the German peril for ever laid? France does not think so, and France is her next door neighbor. Is there then no hope of peace for the tortured soul of the world? There is; but it is of faith and a higher life. Peace is of the private soul. So far as this world is concerned peace must always result from the possession of courage, virility and preparedness. Neglect these, and conquest and enslavement are simply inevitable. A nation that will not defend what it esteems precious has no right to live.

The right of ethnic survival is theoretically and morally incontestable. Race is sacred. Ambition must not transgress the sacred limits save to uplift and redeem. The mania for world-domination merely for the lust and glory of it is simply a phase of madness—yet is likely to persist for all that. The only justification for the existence of the British Empire is, that its great publicists and administrators, who hold the awful power of sovereignty in their hands, are actuated by motives of justice and fairness and seek the well-being of those undeveloped races whose destiny has passed into their keeping rather than either glory or gold. The history of British administration of the dependent races is a page of glory unmatched in the history of the species. Long may it continue so!

No empire in history ever so completely depended upon principles and character as Britain. Its armed forces have always been contemptible. The British are a warlike but not a military race. Britain has always scorned to ring the ideal with steel. Its confidence has always verged on the fatuous. So far, though the cost has been

bitter and deplorable, it has always managed to come back. But the day of softness and easy-going optimism has gone. We may not need a Britain armed to preserve the peace of the world: we do need a Britain heroic in temper, disciplined in intellect, and prepared, whenever occasion should demand, to strike like a thunderbolt in defence of its ideals. Of every nation in the world at the present time it may truly be said that "the foe is of its own household." Let the great eastern dam represented by Roumania, Poland and Germany break, and it will be a case of "To your tents, O Israel!" Theories of world-peace will vanish as we have seen them vanish.

If a tree is known by its fruit then the German belongs in the category of the non-creative races. If it were a war of wits he would have no chance against so richly endowed a race as the British or so logical and sane a race as the French. But if idealism be caught a-maying by the minotaur of militarism, of what avail its wild protests? We have seen what we have seen. A bullet can blot out a character. On the purely material plane the disciplined, second-class mind is the most dangerous and powerful in the world, and, unless countered and checked by the very qualities that give it success, is bound, in the end, to prevail. If Germany recover, and, by virtue of her devotion to the principles of military discipline and the technique of science, regain prestige and power; and if the other nations ignore the obvious sources of her strength, then she will, in the long run, rule the world—not the world of the spirit, but, most certainly, the world of material power. She may never come back; it may be that we are witnessing the death-throes of a race; but if in the face of these present seemingly unsurmountable obstacles she should come back it will be the greatest resurrection of a nation of which history has any record.

The spirits of the Great Elector, of Von Moltke—a veritable hawk of war—and of Bismarck rule Germany at this hour. Let us not be misled by that brilliant Jew Hardin. The Jew, by the very limitations of his psychology and his willed aloofness, is incapable of discovering the deep springs of a nation's life. He is always "a stranger and sojourner in the land." The present weak-chinned exile may be dismissed as beneath contempt; but let a Hohenzollern arise possessed of the old fierce qualities and the legend of the sleeping Barbarossa would receive a new and vivid interpretation.

The Germans are a nation of specialists, and, to a man, believers in the efficacy of caste and subordination; and it is to this almost uncanny love of subordination that they owe their strength. They swarm. The typical German cannot live alone. He is only happy *en masse*. Alone he is the prey of sadness and misery. He revels in functions and social excitement. Of society, in the English sense, there is none in Germany; of societies, countless numbers. The honey-hunt over for the day, each Teuton bee goes back to its hexagonal cell. The nation is standardized, stamped out, unoriginal,

dependent on command from above. It is the natural raw material of despotism. The habit of obedience, of heel-clicking and saluting at the word of command makes it dangerous. Let the command be loud enough and backed up with cannon and the whole nation will come into heel. With us it is all voluntary co-operation; and our subordination is always temporary; born, not of fixed, ingrained habits, but of intelligent comprehension of a need. The crisis past, we dissolve and fade away into private life. The Prussian system of card-catalogue and cross-reference still obtains. The Kaiser, in the old days, could place his hand on the humblest individual in Germany; so can Ebert. One push of the official button, and the obscurest citizen in the obscurest village stands at attention, awaiting command. With us, in similar circumstances, all would be chaos. So far "the muddied oaf at the goal" has proved to be Fate's darling; but if he is to prevail in the future he must set his house in order, and devise a system that shall save the initial confusion, incompetence and loss which have always handicapped him and delayed by weary months and years the prize of victory.

The unoriginal, third-rate mind is a dangerous mind when trained and linked to a system, because it is the average mind raised to *n*. It is not conscious of its slavery, and rests in the practical accomplishment of a small end; rejoices in it; boasts of it, and is almost childish in its vanity. Personal differences in the case of Americans and Britishers are sharp and refreshing. The system has no power to shape their lives; the state exists by their free consent, and changes as they change. Government in England may be likened to a ship and democracy to the continually changing element on which it rides. In Germany it may be likened to a pyramid, in which each block fits, or is made to fit, into its predestined place. Against stubborn talent genius can rarely prevail. Given a whole nation of contented mediocrities, shepherded by powerful, scientific overlords, and delighting in orders from above, and what chance has any undisciplined race, however free or brilliant, against them? The average German knows that his safety, his prosperity, and even his earthly happiness, depend on mass-action and efficiency. Ringed by foes since the dawn of history, he early discovered the irresistible power of military combination. He charges in masses; he moves in phalanxes; he worships rigid systems which ignore individual genius and initiative; he glories in vast financial rings; he subordinates science, commerce, literature and even religion to the central system, and carries out the theory of military control even in his travels and in his personal intimacies. Whether preacher, professor, scientist, artist, merchant, navigator, clerk or artizan, he feels and knows that he is Germany and must work not only for himself but for the Empire. And this perfection of system, in which each unit is subordinate to national splendor and power, he calls *Kultur*, and in all the wide world he can see nothing nobler or more inspiring.

The anarchy of the American and the Britisher seems to him the evidences of decay and approaching dissolution. It does not occur to him that rigidity of type is death, and that variation, the sport, the idiosyncracy, the anarchy, the lust of adventure, the wild and beautiful lost cause, are the evidences of an overflowing life.

It is indeed pathetic to observe the various mad means by which the highly talented Germans seek to break up and render tolerable the dry monotony of the Imperial system. As a race they have no literature of adventure. Robinson Crusoe, Typee, The Cruise of the Cachalot, Hakluyt's and Harris' Voyages, could not have been written in Germany. They turn with an almost childish eagerness to the gorgeous pageants of Shakespeare, and to the indefinite sorceries of music, finding in romanticism and melody what they lack. The system itself becomes only tolerable as it seems to point to glory beyond. How the war lords played on this alluring string at the beginning of the war! Vast territories were promised, billions of treasure, the loot of the world—all substitutes for the terrible pessimism which had already begun to poison the nation's very soul—a pessimism which received its perfect expression in the most bestial and corrupt stage in Europe.

The scientists (not those of the upper heavens of thought such as Virchow, Mommsen, and hosts of others) sought relief in strange and novel theories—theories which the sane English, French and Italian brains rejected with contempt and amusement. It might be said of the lesser scientist of Germany, "Give him a new theory and he is happy." A fragment of a torso, a new word scratched on a shard, a possible new interpretation of an ancient classical line, and, behold, a new book! The least original race of Europe became mad on the subject of originality. Programme-mongers! Tendency exploiters! Discoverers of mares' nests! And all to break the abhorrent spell of a system that tied even divine science to the chariot wheels of the war lord!

Germany can come back if her immemorial habits survive; but if these are abandoned she cannot. If respect for and belief in *Kultur*—the system—emerge out of the present chaos it is hard to say what will result—perhaps an industrial republic with a scientific dictator at the head instead of an emperor, and a scientific coterie instead of a military caste in control of the great offices of state. If, on the other hand, contempt for the system should arise, the nation may go Bolshevik, and attempt to undermine its enemies by intellectual propaganda instead of by the sword. In such an event the sword would come later, and it would be a duel to the very death, for, for individual freedom and initiative the superior German mind has profound contempt. That a socialistic Europe headed by Germany would be a world-menace must be apparent to the dullest mortal. In such an event the last refuge of personal freedom would be Britain and America. France, always of prescient

genius, sees the looming danger, and is already setting her house in order. And at such a time as this there are mad fools in England and America, and even in Canada, who for a mere theory would weaken the noblest race on earth at the sources of power! Had Germany the power at this moment which she possessed in 1914 she would sweep through the world like a hurricane of fire.

She will come back industrially; is indeed coming back rapidly. It would seem at first as though resuscitation were impossible. Germany has no gold, no raw material, no ships, no credit. She has lost Alsace-Lorraine and the monopoly of potash. The Saar basin is in the control of France; the vast coal-fields of Silesia have been restored to Poland; she has an inflated currency that runs into the tens of billions; is in debt to the extent of more than one half of her national wealth, and the indemnity imposed upon her is crushing. It would seem reasonable to infer, in view of all these facts, that her case is hopeless, yet it is far from hopeless.

Take the other side of the shield. She has, so far, maintained her status as a civilized power, and has succeeded in crushing out anarchy. The spirit of the people is unbroken, and their faith in their destiny is as strong as ever. Those in control know, and the people know, and the wisest of the Allied statesmen know that *she cannot be allowed to die.* She is the great bastion of civilization, the last outpost of European culture; and beyond her stretches the barbarism of Russia with its threat of a world-conflagration. It is a necessity that she should be preserved, and, if necessary, aided and upheld. Should she, in desperation, throw in her lot with the Soviet, and drill and discipline the illiterate hordes of Asia, the whole of civilization would rock on its base. Driven to madness, and seeing no hope of ever being received by the western races, she may yet accept the dark alternative and play the rôle of Attila. To succeed would open up paths of unimaginable earthly glory—India, China, and, in fact, the whole of Asia; in the end the domination of the world. Once in power in Petrograd, the Lenines and Trotskys would disappear like wraiths of the night. Her system and her inherited temper would mould the Asiatic as soft clay; for *subordination* is the dominant characteristic of the Asiatic, and power, ruthless, terrible and triumphant, is the only logic he understands. We may hate her, despise her, but we must save her from such a ghastly fate, and in saving her we but save ourselves.

Industrially Germany is rapidly coming on. The trade returns show it. How is this miracle being accomplished? The situation is as follows: Her factories are intact. Her marvellous business system with all its card-indices and cross-references is still as efficacious as ever and covers the entire globe. It is based on the most extensive survey (covering all departments, even ethnology and psychology) ever made. The industrious, laborious character of her population remains as always. She has 3,000,000 war widows who will work,

and gladly, for enough to keep body and soul together. Her artizan population is highly skilled and technical. Her managers and chemists are all specialists. Her transportation system and system of flat-rates the finest in Europe, and, perhaps, from an economic point of view, in the world. Where in these days, at this hour, is capital likely to flow? In the direction of cheap skilled labor, for *capital always flows in the direction of the highest returns.* Germany is a man out of work, and already shrewd capitalists are saying to her, "Why stand ye here idle? Go work in my vineyard!" The lasts, the patterns, the styles, the raw materials, the gold from other lands, hungry for manufactured products, are pouring into Germany and a steady stream of goods is pouring out. Never in the history of commerce was there such a chance to get goods cheap as now. The mark is worth (English exchange) about $1\frac{1}{70}$ of a ha'penny. Put it at a penny, and it will be seen that One Pound Sterling will buy 243 marks or $60 a week—a big wage anywhere! Cheap goods! Golconda isn't in it with it. Under such conditions Germany will soon have every wheel turning. The mark may be depreciated on exchange; but *it is legal tender in Germany,* and although prices are high its purchasing power may be safely set at a fourth of the old value. Fifteen dollars a week (our money) was big wages in Germany even in pre-war days.

How to meet this new economic danger would require a long and special article. Meantime it is comforting to feel that we have at Ottawa a body of men who are fully alive to the threatened danger not only from the direction of Europe but from the direction of the United States. But what shall we say of mad theorists like Crerar and Drury, who, to save a few pennies for their own group, would throw this country to the dogs and close every mill and factory in Canada? Tear down the tariff and let cheap German goods come in and German revenge would be complete so far as Canada is concerned.

There are two possible courses open to Germany. She may, not openly, but insidiously, take the great eastern adventure. Russia is a chaos; Bolshevism has broken down, theoretically and practically. It is working now in a ramshackle way, not as Bolshevism, but by imitating the system which it professes to abhor. High wages are being paid to the few skilled mechanics and technicians left, and must be paid. The rank and file are being held to their tasks at the point of the bayonet. The dream of a system in which all should share alike has gone up in smoke. What is revealed is the old Czarist autocracy camouflaged under vague and intoxicating terms of freedom. There is no personal liberty for anyone save the few at the top. Lenin is Czar, and but pursues the tactics of an Oriental despot. The wives of the officials go about in costly furs, bedecked with diamonds and fare sumptuously every day. The common people are dying of starvation, soul-

weariness and typhus. The triumph of the system has ended in the death of a dream. The whole land is prepared to welcome a strong deliverance; and that strong deliverance, in the form of vast numbers of highly trained, financially ruined, desperate and ambitious military Prussian officers now out of employment, lies just west of the Vistula. It is a problem that may well intimidate the strongest soul and baffle the keenest brain. If Russia loses all power of resistance sooner or later the Prussian Junkers will step in and supply what she needs—system and force. The Prussian will bring a trained scientific brain, a firm belief in the rule of force and an unscrupulousness that will stop at nothing. After an unholy alliance with "the unspeakable Turk" what would be wrong with a mutually profitable compact with Holy Russia? We may be sure that no delicate scruples of conscience and honor would be allowed to interfere. With Russia "into heel," and full of gratitude for deliverance from hell, and with all the vast wealth of one-sixth of the arable land of the globe at her disposal, Germany would quickly enough recuperate financially. Once on her feet, with the Russian bear in financial and military leading-strings, and what power or combination of powers could resist her? Russia is the prize for which France, England and Germany are striving; for Russia protected and set on her feet, means that peace and prosperity are assured for the whole world. France, vigilant and deeply involved financially in Russia, is determined that this fell contingency of Prussian penetration shall not come to pass.

The other course for Germany is regeneration from within. During the Napoleonic tyranny Germany, humiliated and conquered, maintained her soul. Her gloomiest hour was her brightest. The night of her darkest sorrow was gemmed with stars and constellations of thought. It was her golden age; and had the great ideals of Fichte, Schelling, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, fully conquered the national soul the whole course of subsequent history would have been different.

Napoleon limited her army to 42,000 men. She acquiesced, as she is acquiescing now; but observing the letter she broke the spirit of the contract. The full quota was enlisted, trained, *dispersed*, and another batch followed and another until she stood—a nation in arms. We may be sure that whatever army be allowed her it will become an army of officers in time, and with hundreds of thousands of trained experts and a nation naturally inclined to obedience she may once again surprise the world by the might of her power. It all depends on whether she has definitely "put ambition by." Foch, and those associated with him, do not think so, and this time are prepared to take no chances. Germany lost a glorious opportunity when she did not step forth at the close of the war and acknowledge the full iniquity of her crime against the human race. It is because she persists in this unrepentant mood;

because she refuses to acknowledge the play of the Moral Imperative in human affairs, that the world—war-weary and heart-broken as it is—refuses to sheathe the sword. Let a great spiritual revival take place in that unhappy land and the people "bring forth fruits meet for repentance" and, in time, a nobler envisagement of her hard problems would be taken by the Democratic nations. What is needed in her case is a change of heart. There is no sign of it. Her trust is still in the sword; she stands stricken, bankrupt, but defiant; she is dreaming at this hour of the day when the monarchy will be restored and her victorious legions thunder, as at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, through the Brandenburger Thor. Till she gives evidence of sorrow and shame for having desolated the world there can be no parley with her nor trust in her word. And she must be kept out of Russia as a military power now and for all future time, *no matter what the cost.*

## THE POISON-GAS CAMPAIGN

THWARTED at every point by the facts of the situation, and unable to bring any definite charge against the Government at Ottawa, the opposition are having recourse to poison-gas to create distrust and dissatisfaction. There is an amusing side to it, and a truly tragic side. The amusing element consists in the attempt of *The Toronto Daily Star* to oust *The Globe* as the official organ of what is left of Laurier Liberalism; the tragic side—that at such a time as this there should exist in Canada a group of men of such small mentality and such low standards of honor as to desire power at the expense of settled order.

Apparently what may happen to Canada in the event of political chaos does not enter into their minds at all. "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven" about describes their present embittered and irrational mood of mind. Beaten out of the field by the logic of the Prime Minister; cowed by his challenge to adduce a single instance of corruption; and unable to deny the splendid patriotic administration of the most constructive Parliament Canada has ever had, they fall back upon libel and inuendo. If by pursuing tactics that would disgrace a Prussian they can create the illusion in the popular mind that the members of the Cabinet at Ottawa are at daggers drawn with each other they do not hesitate to do so. What matters it to these desperate political gamblers that they are striking at the very heart of popular government? Like a pack of hungry wolves howling for the carrion of patronage they keep up their wretched turmoil.

The Hon. Mr. Calder is the especial object of their hatred just now. To-morrow it may be someone else. And it is such a stale old trick! "No argument—abuse the plaintiff's attorney!" sums it up. Johnson defined patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." He

was quite mistaken. Patriotism is the highest reach of character, since it springs out of a passion that reaches the heights of self-abnegation.

Instead of coming out boldly with their charges in the editorial page they turn over the wretched business of spreading the poison-gas of inuendo against the members of the government to anonymous correspondents. Under the caption "Our Ottawa Correspondent" they are disseminating a mass of outrageous falsehoods. An embittered Oxford graduate, who apparently has no political convictions, and certainly no understanding of Canada, is one of the chief offenders. His wild, almost insane guesses, are duly presented to the fanatics of the U.F.O. by the *Farmer's Sun* as authoritative information. He has a good second in mendacity in the Ottawa Correspondent of *The Toronto Daily Star.*

Taking advantage of the enforced absence of the Hon. Mr. Calder in Bermuda, whither he has gone to recuperate, it prints a farrago of lies about his unpopularity with the country at large and with his colleagues. The Hon. James Calder is not unpopular with the country, and he is certainly not unpopular with the Cabinet. His manly espousal of adequate protection; the open, brave way in which he took his stand for constitutional government at a grave crisis, sacrificing the friendships of a lifetime, and his fearless defiance of group-selfishness in his North-West speeches has raised him immensely in the estimation of every true-hearted Canadian.

Apparently the mandate has gone forth that those loyal Liberals who broke with Laurier and saved civilization are to receive no mercy. Unable to meet them, either on grounds of loyalty or logic, they are to be pursued by a campaign of lies and slander. But the mere fact that these atrocious falsehoods are not vouched for editorially by *The Star* and *The Globe* will not save them in the hour of wrath. The article headed "Mr. Calder is likely to leave the Cabinet," in *The Star* for January 4th, is from beginning to end a mass of lies and a disgrace to Canadian journalism. But under what banner is *The Star* fighting anyhow? Who is its leader? Mackenzie King? Crerar? Drury? What party does it represent? And who possessed of decency and sanity cares a fig for its conclusions on any subject under heaven anyhow?

But the poison-gas campaign will go on, for abuse and slander of our public men is all that is left in the way of a weapon to these frenzied Adullamites. Fortunately there is an antidote—the actual truth of the situation, and the actual truth is that the present Government at Ottawa is carrying Canada through the most perilous crisis that ever confronted a nation and doing it with courage, sanity and unfaltering faith in the justice, patriotism and common-sense of the Canadian people. And the people of Canada—that huge majority who are saying little and thinking deeply—know it.

## CAUSES OF IRISH UNREST—J. M. SYNGE

*(Continued)*

WHEN "The Play boy of the Western World" was first put on the stage of The Abbey Theatre in 1907 it was hooted and had to be withdrawn. Afterwards it was enthusiastically hailed as a masterly study of primitive Irish life, had a long and successful run, and passed over to America, where it came to an ignominious end. Why the Roman Catholic Church did not at once put it under the ban must always remain a mystery. It was written by a Protestant, and a Calvinist at that, reveals contempt in every line for Rome and portrays a type of communicant who would be a disgrace to any society but once removed from savagery. From beginning to end there is not a single character who betrays even the glimmering of a moral sense. What references are made to religion cut with a poisoned edge. If what these Celtic thugs and assassins think of Rome be at all typical of the peasants of Mayo then it is easy to understand why, notwithstanding the thunders of excommunication, murder and arson persist in that most unhappy island. It is, indeed, around the fact of murder—the most repellent and horrible of all human acts—that the whole drama revolves. But—and this is the ghastly inversion of all moral values—the murderer (an incredibly feeble specimen of the race), instead of being handed over to the secular arm for punishment, is hailed as a triumphant example of pluck and courage by male and female alike. The men gaze at him with admiring eyes and treat him with profound respect; the women, of all ages, flock to his feet and exhaust all the epithets of endearment at their command in praise of his prowess and beauty. The drama is cast in the 20th century of science, but the age represented is paleolithic.

The Irish represented in the legends of Finn, the Dun Cow, the Seven Sorrows and the Red Branch Knights of Ulster Cycles have a certain Homeric grandeur and move in the misty regions of true faery; but these poor abortions do but combine the primitive animal passion for blood with insane vanity, degenerate superstitions and depraved appetites. They are Yahoos in human form. This drama, etched with the point of hate, betrays venom in every line. To take it as typical of the Irish peasant would be to acquiesce in the darkest shade of pessimism that ever cast an eclipse over the human soul.

The ground-work of the play is of the simplest. Synge is one of the most subtle delineators of character that ever lived. He is not a Van Ostade but a Rembrandt. A few bold phrases and behold! a living person walks the board. He makes, like a hawk, for the central dominating motive of character, and never departs from it by a hair. When he essays to describe physical attributes he is a master of the sufficing phrase. We grasp Pegeen in a flash in the

note which she writes, and every word of which she repeats aloud; "Six yards of stuff to make a yellow gown. A pair of lace boots with lengthy heels on them and brassy eyes. A hat suited for a wedding-day. A *fine tooth comb.*" By a sort of magic we are transported to the wild coast of Mayo. It is evening and we are introduced to two characters, in a shebeen—Pegeen Flaherty and Shawn Keough, her betrothed. The love-making which follows—all on Shawn's part—is grotesque. Of affection in Pegeen there is not a trace. It is easy to see that she has nothing but contempt for the fat fool who has gained her hand because of his wealth. In the course of the conversation it comes out that Shawn overheard "a kind of a fellow above in the furzy ditch groaning wicked like a maddening dog." At once Pegeen's interest is aroused. "What's that? Is it a man you seen?" she asks. On Shawn replying "I couldn't see him at all; but I heard him groaning out and breaking his heart. It should have been a young man from his words speaking." Pegeen flashes back "And you never went to see was he hurted or what ailed him at all?"

Shawn's reply to this last reveals Synge's art at its most elusive. He joins apparently unrelated moves in consciousness by delicate rings of association. "I did not, Pegeen Mike. It was a dark, lonesome place to be hearing the like of him." It is the woman who has "the stomach of a man," in this instance, and the man who possesses the timidity of woman. The satire is keen and intentional. Synge wishes to convey his contempt for the system (common in Ireland) of making marriage a mere question of bargain and sale. It is easy to see from this conversation who will "rule the roost" when the knot is tied, and the subsequent hell for both.

Presently upon the scene appear Pegeen's father, Michael James, and his two cronies, Philly Cullen and Jimmy Farrell. They intend to stop but a moment, "being on their way to Kate Cassidy's wake." Pegeen brindles up at being left alone, and is not to be flattered even when reference is made to her great physical strength. On the father suggesting that, since she is as good as married to Shawn, there would be no harm in him staying the night, Shawn cries out in terror "I would and welcome Michael James, but I'm afeard of Father Reilly; and what at all would the Holy Father and the Cardinals of Rome be saying if they heard I did the like of that?" On their attempting to keep him by force he bolts like a frightened rabbit, leaving his coat behind him. Michael makes fun of the poor apology for a man and Pegeen, woman-like, takes up the cudgels for her betrothed. It is at this stage that Christy, "The Playboy of the Western World"—tired, frightened and dirty—comes on the scene. He timidly asks for a pot of porter, and is no sooner seated than he enquires, "Is it often the police do be coming into this place, master of the house?" The atmosphere suddenly becomes tense, the curiosity as to the motive for asking the question painful. Here,

under their very noses, are rich pickings. What delicious form of horror has this vagrant brought them to gloat over? Each tries his hand at worming out the secret and each in turn fails, and it is not till Pegeen comes flouncing from behind the bar with a: "If you didn't commit murder or robbery or butchery, or the like of them, there isn't anything that would be worth your troubling for to run from now. You did nothing at all," that Christy, his feelings deeply hurt, blurts out the truth. But even Pegeen has to profess anger, and have recourse to the broom before the poor, desperate fugitive will confess the nature of his crime. Cowering beneath the besom he whines out: "Don't strike me. I killed my poor father Tuesday was a week for doing the like of that." Blank amazement falls upon the whole group; blank amazement, *but no horror.* To Pegeen's question "Is it killed your father?" Christy simply and piously replies "With the help of God I did surely, and that the Holy Immaculate Mother may intercede for his soul." Could satire go farther than that? The mixture of unaffected piety and pure animal ferocity is complete. Religion and morality are quite divorced. Has Synge hit it? Is this peculiar psychology the true cause of Irish unrest?

In any ordinary human group a self-confessed patricide would become, on the instant of discovery, an object of loathing and aversion. Not so here. The whole group, including Pegeen, are filled with an eager curiosity to learn how he managed to despatch his parent. Did he shoot him or use a hilted knife, or, perhaps, hang him. He did none of these things. In his own simple language, "I just riz the loy (spade) and let fall the edge of it on the ridge of his skull, and he went down at my feet like an empty sack, and never let a grunt or groan from him at all."

MICHAEL (*making a sign to Pegeen to fill Christy's glass*): "And what way weren't you hanged, mister? Did you bury him then?"

CHRISTY (*considering*): "Aye. I buried him then. Wasn't I digging spuds in the field?"

MICHAEL: "And the peelers never followed after you the eleven days that you're out?"

CHRISTY (*shaking his head*): "Never a one of them, and I walking forward facing hog, dog or divil on the highway of the road."

PHILLY (*nodding wisely*): "It's only with a common week-day kind of a murder them lads would be trusting their carcase, and that man should be a great terror when his temper's roused."

MICHAEL: "He should then. (*To Christy*): And where was it, mister honey, that you did the deed?"

CHRISTY (*looking at him with suspicion*): "Oh, a distant place, master of the house, a windy corner of high distant hills."

PHILLY (*nodding with approval*): "He's a close man, and he's right surely."

PEGEEN: "That'd be a lad with the sense of Solomon to have

for a pot-boy, Michael James, if it's the truth you are seeking one at all."

PHILLY: "The peelers is fearing him, and if you had that boy in the house there isn't one of them would come smelling around if the dogs itself were lapping poteen from the dung-pit of the yard."

JIMMY: "Bravery's a treasure in a lonesome place, and a lad would kill his father I'm thinking would face a foxy divil with a pitchpike on the flags of hell."

PEGEEN: "It's the truth they're saying, and if I'd that lad in the house I would'nt be fearing the loosed kharki cut-throats, or the walking dead."

CHRISTY (*swelling with surprise and triumph*): "Well, glory be to God!"

The upshot is that, notwithstanding the protests of Shawn who slipped in in advance of Christy, the murderer is engaged as pot-boy. The bargain struck, one of the "droughty cronies," Jimmy Farrell, cries out in high glee: "Now by the grace of God herself will be safe this night, with a man killed his father holding danger from the door, and let you come on, Michael James, or they'll have the best stuff drunk at the wake."

But Pegeen's trials are not over for the night. No sooner have the three pilgrims to the wake departed than the widow Quin makes her appearance, having been deputed by Shawn and Father Reilly to inveigle Christy to her own dwelling, the reason offered, as given by the widow, being, "It isn't fitting" says the Priesteen, "to have his likeness lodging with an orphaned girl."

At once a battle royal starts up between the widow and Pegeen for the possession of "the curiosity man," Pegeen winning out through a natural gift of blasphemous satire unequalled, we should say, even in Ireland.

WIDOW QUIN (*looking at him with half-amazed curiosity*): "Well, aren't you a little smiling fellow? It should be great and bitter torments did rouse your spirits to a deed of blood."

CHRISTY (*doubtfully*): "It should, maybe."

WIDOW QUIN: "It's more than 'maybe' I'm saying, and it'd soften my heart to see you sitting so simple with your cup and cake, and you fitter to be saying your catechism than slaying your da."

PEGEEN (*at counter, washing glasses*): "There's talking when any'd see he's fit to be holding his head high with the wonders of the world. Walk on from this, for I'll not have him tormented and be destroyed travelling since Tuesday was a week."

WIDOW QUIN (*peaceably*): "We'll be walking surely when his supper's done, and you'll find we're great company, young fellow, when it's of the like of you and me you'd hear the penny poets singing in an August Fair."

CHRISTY (*innocently*): "Did you kill your father?"

PEGEEN (*contemptuously*): "She did not. She hit himself with

a worn pick did corrode his blood, the way he never overed it, and died after. That was a sneaky kind of murder did win small glory with the boys itself."

Pegeen's invective touches high-water mark in the following outpouring of enraged jealousy (The widow Quin has just finished a boast of her power of contriving):

PEGEEN (*with noisy scorn*): "It's true the Lord God formed you to contrive indeed. Doesn't the world know you reared a black lamb at your own breast so the Lord Bishop of Connaught felt the elements of a Christian, and he after eating it in a kidney stew?"

What human being could stand up against such a lava-burst of red-hot hate? The widow withdraws, but not without a parting shot that almost demolishes Pegeen's stronghold of words. "God bless you now, young fellow," she coos, "and let you be wary, or there's right torment will await you here if you go romancing with her like, and she waiting only, as they bade me say, on a sheepskin parchment to be wed with Shawn Keough of Killakeen.

In answer to Christy's alarmed enquiry as to whether it is true that she is to wed Shawn she mendaciously replies, "I wouldn't wed him if a bishop came walking for to join us here."

CHRISTY: "That God in glory may be thanked for that."

The key to Synge's motive in this and other dramas is an intense and virulent hatred of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. His characters, drawn with masterly skill, are but the puppets of a purpose—to hold the Latin hierarchy up to scorn. What his own religious convictions were is veiled. His embittered and scornful spirit has long since found rest. With all his genius he also is Irish to the core—the concentrated essence of insularity. Of the life of the city or the large town there is hardly a trace in his writings. The tense industrial struggles of the time had no fascination for him. Of the vast human web of relations that enmeshes the world he seems to have had no experimental knowledge whatsoever. With wider knowledge might have come tenderer judgment. In the unhappy land where his horoscope was cast the slightest contact of the inherited faiths causes a short-circuit with a flashing forth of the flames of hate and much noise and smoke. Logical Calvinism, reinforced by memories of persecution, is not exactly the proper instrument for dissecting a faith—that is not so much a definite body with well-defined members, as a vast organism covered with historic accretions both beautiful and hateful, and which in its growth is conterminous with the life of the race for at least fifteen hundred years of recorded time. Calvinism sprang full-armed from an acute and logical French brain and took captive the daring intellectual spirits of the age in which it was born. But Catholicism is a slow growth, and whatever may be said against it in particular, thus much must be allowed in its favor: It partakes of the nature of the undivided, the racial, the homogeneous, and it represents the principle of Unity at this hour.

To all this Synge was blind. He saw only the sordid side of his peasants and even when, as in "The Riders From the Sea," he strikes the very apex of majesty, the unconquered old fisherman's wife seems to step straight out of Aeschylus and not from the sunny pages of the New Testament. Her fortitude seems self-derived; something achieved by native strength in its fierce conflicts with the terror of the sea, rather than a faith born of the humility of a great surrender to a will and a purpose transcending Time and Space. That the exponents of pure reason and uncontaminated ethics (and even rigid Calvinists) rise to God who dare deny? But what folly and madness to leave St. Francis with all his childish credulities and superstitious obsessions without the range of that love which was as a madness of the heart, and the memory of which, even to many a confirmed Protestant, is "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"!

But in the realm of art we must take our artist as we find him, and within the narrow limits Synge set for his genius he reigns supreme. It may even be that he loved and sympathized with his peasants and villagers. Or it may be that he found genuine solace in the study of types far removed from all that we consider modern. One thing is certain, he possessed the irritable eye of the artist; saw everything in sharp lights, and created characters savage, uncivilized and sometimes bestial, to be sure, but vital, exuberant and full of life and fire.

What is the picture of Religion he draws for us in the opening act of "The Playboy of the Western World"? We need not ask as to the morality. It is shocking. But what idea have these Mayo peasants, far removed from the fructifying streams of modern culture, of Rome? There is a priesteen, Father Reilly, but he never appears. He has power; but over whom? The robust, exuberant, Rabelaisian drinking, type? Not at all. It is Shawn Keough, the timid, constitutional coward, the moon-struck devotee, the superstitious oaf that he controls. It is as though Synge said (and he does by implication), knave and fool!

Undoubtedly in drawing Shawn Keough, Synge intended to portray a type of Celtic credulity. What looms vast in the distance in this peasant's imagination is Rome. To him it is the City of God let down from heaven; the cardinals are so many archangels, and the Holy Father is aureoled with a light "that never was on land or sea." Rome—great, resplendent, overpowering, is as an atmosphere. Its might is irresistible, omniscient, touching even the minutest interests of the lowliest life—guarding! Synge felt and knew the power of Rome. As a Protestant he could have no sympathy with it; but its fascination, its charm, its terror, its omnipresence he could not escape. But with the lofty scorn of the artist he used it and its ministers as he used Pegeen and Jimmy Farrell. It was a big fish, but his net was bigger.

Shawn is completely in the control of Father Reilly; and Father Reilly, we suspect, is a bit of an avaricious rogue. He has convinced Shawn, at any rate, that he must have "a dispensation from the Bishops or the Court of Rome before he can marry." Pegeen answers very sensibly, "It's a wonder Shaneen, the Holy Father'd be taking notice of the likes of you; for if I was him I wouldn't bother with this place where you'll meet none but Red Linahan has a squint in his eye, and Patcheen is lame in the heel, or the mad Mulrannies were driven from California and they lost in their wits. We're a queer lot these times to go troubling the Holy Father on his sacred seat."

What follows is incomparably rich as showing the co-existence in the same mind of the most unadulterated savagery and the compelling charm of emotional religion. Shawn demurs to her sweeping condemnation of the neighborhood and remarks "We're as good this place as another, maybe, and as good these times as we were for ever." Pegeen retorts with scorn: "As good is it? Where now will you meet the like of Daneen Sullivan knocked the eye from a peeler, or Marcus Quin, God rest him! got six months for maiming ewes, and he a great warrant to tell stories of holy Ireland till he'd have the old women shedding down tears about their feet. Where will you find the like of them, I'm saying?" When the roisterers keep Shawn in the shebeen by main force he cries "Oh, Father Reilly and the Saints of God, where will I hide myself to-day? Oh, St. Joseph and St. Patrick and St. Brigid and St. James have mercy on me now!" When Michael (still in fun) catches him by the coat and exclaims "You'd be going is it?" Shawn screams out "Leave me go, Michael James, leave me go, you old pagan, leave me go, or I'll get the curse of the priests on you, and of the scarlet-coated bishops of the Court of Rome."

That amongst a certain section of the Irish people this unnatural divorce between Religion and morality does actually exist is unquestionable. The horrible crimes that are now disgracing that unhappy Island only too clearly prove it. To us at a distance it seems like a national mad-house. Yet it is well to bear in mind that only a reckless minority is involved, and that the true curse of Ireland is, and has always been, its isolation, its lack of industrialism (want of coal and iron), its humid and depressing climate and its tragic history.

Sir Henry Sumner Maine, the greatest philosophical jurist that England has produced, once wrote these words, and we would do well to ponder them:—"The Anglo-Norman settlement on the east coast of Ireland acted like a running sore, constantly irritating the Celtic regions beyond the Pale, and deepening the confusion that prevailed there. If the country had been left to itself one of the great Irish tribes would almost certainly have conquered the rest. All the legal ideas which, little conscious as we are of their

source, came to us from the existence of a strong central government lending its vigor to the arm of justice, would have made their way into the Brehon law; and the gap between the alleged civilization of England and the alleged barbarism of Ireland during much of their history, which is in reality narrower than is commonly supposed, would have almost wholly disappeared." (The Early History of Institutions, Lect. II.)

Let us not forget that *historic causes shape types.*

But we must reserve the remainder of "The Playboy" for a future issue.

## PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT IN RELIGION

THOSE sincere souls who are convinced that Religion abides amid all changes are sometimes perplexed and well-nigh driven to despair by the contention that it is identical in its form and essence with certain inherited beliefs called Creeds. They fail to grasp the great and comforting truth that a speculative view of God's works and ways must in the very nature of things fade and pass; whereas a personal experience of God in the heart abides to the very end of life and beyond.

If the theologians were all agreed; if Theology possessed the clarity and inevitability of Science; if, in other words, universality prevailed, the whole problem would be simplified. But the truth is that in the region of theological speculation there is nothing but intellectual aloofness, narrow dogmatism and unreasonable conservatism. If we could cast all inherited Theology out and start and build up a true science of God on the basis of our present knowledge real Religion would be an immense gainer.

Undoubtedly "in times past God spake to the fathers by the prophets." We may admit this gratefully and yet be within our spiritual rights in demanding an answer to the question: Where and how shall I find God amid the mazes of this complex and distracted time? That the greater Isaiah was caught up "as with wings of an eagle"; that the man of Nazareth saw through the transparent medium of his own stainless soul, as light through light, the reality of the divine perfection; that John on Patmos gazed in lofty trance on the New Jerusalem "as a bride adorned for her husband," we may admit, and still be within our rights in demanding that "our souls shall see and be satisfied" and "taste of the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Are these visions, or visions of like character, original and splendid, denied us? Are the channels of inspiration limited to a creed? If so, which creed?

Supposing all the inherited theologies were swept out of existence to-morrow what would abide? The religion of conduct and the exquisite flower of faith. Faith, we may be sure, would not die, for

faith is just complete and absolute resignation to our final summing-up of life. Amid our loves there is one great love; amid our intellectual conclusions one vast and comforting thought; amid all dubiety and uncertainty one clear call of honor. To these, the ideals that emerge out of all lesser ideals, we must, whatever the cost, remain true, and our loyalty to these even unto death, is our Religion.

The book, the creed and even the deed of another cannot be made by any magic a substitute for a personal experience. In some mysterious way we feel that we ourselves must pass through trial, disillusionment and disappointment, and by a process of spiritual elimination and bold synthesis attain at last the summit of "the guarded mount of vision." If at the end we become one with the things we love, what matter the conclusions of men long dead, whose very words, once fierily alive and fiercely maintained, now sound like faint voices from the tomb and are only languidly held and half-believed by the formal priests of a transition period? Safe within the haven where we would be the outer waves of controversy may smash on the iron-bound coasts of dogma and be but as music in our ears.

We may be sure that God is speaking to this age in thunder-tones, and, as never before, through the method and technique of science and that the final triumph of this method—this Law—will mean the lifting of all mankind to heights of mastery and power hitherto undreamed of. "Space is but the habitation of this Spirit and Time the ordered sequence of His will." God and man meet to-day and mingle, spirit with spirit, in ideals. These ideals we do not create and cannot create. They are let down from heaven; dim in some, refulgent in others, yet in all. The whole fabric of life would fall in ruins if, in even the most backward soul, no trace of an ideal could be found; if "the young men" did not "see visions and the old men dream dreams." The Church can but aid and abet. It is with our ideal of what ought to be that we have to do, and in this sense we are always in the presence of the Judgment-seat and in need of the Divine mercy. "The ideal," Emerson reminds us, "is the real." Without the ideal, the real would be meaningless, without form and void, and there would be no Creative Spirit brooding over the deeps of conscious personality.

## SELLING WITHOUT BUYING

(*Reprinted from New York Times of January 8, 1921*)

IT was President McKinley, himself something of a protectionist, who in the last speech he ever made warned his countrymen that they could not expect to sell in foreign trade unless they were ready to buy. But our latter-day devotees of a high tariff think that they have changed all that. They are preparing to keep out foreign

goods, by means of protective duties, at the same time that they count upon flooding the markets of Europe and Canada and South America and the Orient with surplus American products. It is a pretty plan. Will it work?

Note that it proceeds on the assumption that foreign merchants and manufacturers can easily be imposed upon. Our complacent protectionists agree with Dr. Johnson that "foreigners are mostly fools." They are not expected to wake up to the schemes of our high tariffites until it is too late. But the fact appears to be that they are, on the contrary, exceedingly alert. They are already interesting themselves intensely in the proposed new fiscal policy of the United States.

*The Onlooker of Toronto devotes a long article to the subject* in the December issue. Taking careful note of what Republican Senators at Washington are saying, and recalling the tariff position taken by Mr. Harding in his campaign speeches, it predicts troublous times for the American-Canadian trade. The high-tariff plan is to "erect a Chinese wall" against foreign goods, yet somehow to pass its own articles of commerce through or over or under that wall to other countries. But forewarned is forearmed, declares *The Onlooker*. Canada can play the protectionist game, if it comes to that. She has now a vigorous, aggressive Prime Minister who will favor meeting tariff schedules by counter-schedules, and who will not consent to see Canadian industries "slaughtered to make a fiscal holiday for the United States." Moreover, those American exporters who think that they can throw their surplus at any price upon the Canadian market may find out that Canada has a stringent anti-dumping law. "Let the United States lower its tariff and we " will meet it; but the only answer to a Chinese wall is to block the " sally-ports."

A similar inclination to resent American high duties is seen in Argentina. Secretary Colby was politely asked about the plan when in Buenos Aires. It is reported from Marion that Argentine representations have been unofficially conveyed to Mr. Harding. He is both surprised and grieved to discover that Argentina doesn't fancy having her wool and hides heavily taxed by the United States. Such unreasonableness was never dreamed of in the protectionist philosophy in which Senator Harding was bred. One of his cherished hopes has been to build up a great American trade in the republics to the south of us. And now he is told that a high tariff on their goods will make that impossible. How vexing!

Protectionist antics at Washington give the impression of untrained men fooling with a delicate and complicated piece of machinery. They do not appear in the least to understand the mighty economic changes wrought in this country by the war. The United States is now in a position to attain primacy in the commerce of the world. Every tide that beats upon our shores would bring

us wealth if we would but let it. But the tariff Bourbons would bring us animosity where we might have good customers, and would force us into a now impossible isolation when we might be reaching out to the ends of the earth.

## FOMENTERS OF RUIN

IS there deep down in the soul of the average man, overlaid by centuries of tradition and custom, a natural love of ruin and destruction? Those who have made a profound study of psychology tell us there is, and that every child, however gently nurtured, is bound to pass through this phase of crude, unreasoned savagery. Matthew Arnold's oft-quoted description of the Oxford undergraduates as "young barbarians at play," and his contention that the average adult Englishman's conception of earthly felicity is summed up in the phrase "Come, let us go forth and kill something" would seem to substantiate the contention of the psychologists.

But, if this be so, it still remains true that it is because of a higher something at once mystical and spiritual—something which is able to hold this aberrant force at check and at pause—that the race has been able to advance and win shining triumphs of intelligence, supreme heights of sacrifice and solid towers of righteousness.

Certainly nothing has ever been gained by the wild indulgence of the destructive instincts of mankind; nor has society ever been benefited—save in periods of absolute degeneracy and decay—by destructive criticism. The anarch in literature is as dangerous, nay, far more dangerous, than the anarch on the physical plane; for the reason that the *émeute*, the revolution, is soon over, but the word is immortal.

The philosophy of Karl Marx, treated with contempt in his life-time, is to-day dominant in Russia and constitutes a world-threat. The abhorrent teachings of Treitschke and Von Bernhardi precipitated the greatest war in history, by inflaming the crude imaginations of the German folk with dreams of universal domination as the result of disciplined militarism. And the picture of the blonde beast, the superman smashing in triumph through a world from which all moral values had disappeared, so skilfully drawn by Nietzsche, inflamed the adolescent youth of his time, bred in them contempt of all the quieter graces of character, and proved, in the end, to be but a cup of Circe turning them at last into swine.

There are times in the life-history of each individual when the desire to "smash something" gets the upper hand of reason and will. As a rule, the explosion of temper, or, it may be, honest anger over, the prophylactic and healing laugh follows. Men subject to fits of ungovernable rage either land in a madhouse or develop into strong characters. Self-control is essential to survival. In

time the will completely conquers, not only the propensity to meaningless anger, but misfortune, ingratitude and almost unendurable bodily agony. Whether this poise and tranquility come through the mighty power of faith, or as a result of "years that bring the philosophic mind," the resulting character is the final triumph of spiritual effort and striving. Now what is true of the individual is true of society at large, which is but the macrocosm to this microcosm.

America, the fecund source of detestable phrases like "moral uplift," "making good" and the like, has coined a phrase which seems to exactly describe the present phase through which the world is passing. For some years now we have been experiencing the inconveniences and exasperations of a sort of international *brain-storm;* and like the influenza, this brain-storm has passed from east to west. The world is full of fomenters of ruin. Irresponsibility is a mark of the time. An irrational recklessness characterizes even those who in normal times would be classed with the sane average. At a time when economy, rigid and hard, should be the order of the day politicians and others continue to talk in terms not of millions but of billions. When every government on the face of the earth is faced with bankruptcy the demand is made for fresh expenditures. At a time when it behoves every man to take off his coat and work as he never worked before mobs are looking to the government to solve what ought to be purely private problems; and groups headed by political barkers, intent only on using them, would destroy all semblance of constitutional government in order to divert the public revenues to their own pockets, being careless, selfish, and indifferent to the general welfare. At a time when every citizen should think unity, co-operation and good fellowship these mad fools are intent on division, conflict and strife.

During the war we held together like a phalanx; now when an even greater peril is threatening the world—insolvency and starvation—we are at daggers drawn, and divided as never before in our history.

In a series of brilliant articles in *The Dearborn Times* on "The International Jew" it is sought to show that all this misunderstanding, agitation, confusion of ideals, splitting into groups among the peoples is being brought about by a secret Jewish Council—an existing Sanhedrin—with headquarters now in Paris, now in New York, now in London. What is sought by this group is the monopoly of money-making methods and the reduction of the whole Gentile world to financial helotage. The arguments are plausibly presented. *The Onlooker* has no intention of using them. All he has to say is that, so far as Canada at the present moment is concerned, this secret gang of Jewish conspirators, if it really exist, need not waste any time or money on us; since what they would

effect is being carried out by groups of men who are quite prepared to throw Canada into financial confusion, destroy the unity long existing between the Provinces, upset the whole theory of Constitutional Government, set class against class, plunge the country into vast financial commitments without any care as to repayment, and by producing division and strife, grasp a short-lived reign of power. These men, under the hypocritical pretense that their dupes are wiser, more virtuous, more honest than the rest of the people keep howling for a change. They constitute the true fomenters of ruin in our midst. At a time when mankind should stress the words country, unity, security, trust, honor, loyalty, they go up and down the land, bring railing accusations against all governments and bringing the very idea of government into contempt.

## POSTSCRIPT

The publishers of *The Onlooker* have received many requests from subscribers for the earlier issues. They were very glad to comply so long as the supply held out. They now beg to announce that the first four editions have been exhausted, and that it is no longer possible to supply April, June, July and August copies.

## SINCE THOU ART DEAD

By James Cobourg Hodgins

Since thou art dead the garish day
Is misted with my tears.
To youth and joy the landscape reels;
Leaves throw back light;
Water is as a blinding, burnished shield;
Naked and sharp the mountains pierce the blue.
Eyes, hard with health and crystalline,
See outlines cut with sabre-strokes of light—
Even at the zenith of the solstice,
When all the world is livid with white heat,
And tortured grasses anguish for the dew,
And crepitate beneath the casual tread
These gaze unwinking.
But I—I see, as through a watery,
Moon-born halo,
Thy tender face.
Since thou art dead the garish day
Is misted with my tears.

## THE MINER

Come, let us loaf upon the sand,
And gaze upon the show!
Behold, these treasures have been panned
By one whose toil is slow!

He sluices with the ocean tide—
The earth shrinks on its core,
And, buckling, cracks in fissures wide
That he may mine his ore.

Volcanoes are his melting-pots;
Mountains his heaps of slag;
The frost and rain the limestone rots—
He fluxes with a crag.

He drove his chariots of ice
O'er the Archaean crust;
To softest clay he ground the gneiss,
And to the smoking dust.

Far down beneath the mountain's base,
Far down below the waves,
With ruddy arms and grimy face,
He works among his slaves.

He throws as rubbish unto men
Gems like the Koh-i-noor.
The gold-dust lying round his den
He treats as so much stour.

When Krakatoa fouls the land
Or fills the sky with din
He's blasting with his swarthy band
Or blowing furnace in.

## MY BIRCH CANOE

A smudge of yellow on the blue;
A wraith at dusk; a spirit light;
A jack o'lantern in the night;
Blend of the meteor and sprite!
A smudge of yellow on the blue.

A little stretch is all you crave.
The river is your one true home.
The outer boundaries of foam
All greater craft may freely roam.
A little stretch is all you crave.

The eddy's wirelike music charms.
The rush of foam against your breast—
The lightning-leap from crest to crest—
Give to our task a fiercer zest.
The eddy's wirelike music charms.

Down long white lanes we lightly float.
The birches nod: the pines salute:
The robin trills upon his flute:
Like a mad creature skims the coot.
Down long white lanes we lightly float.

Our brown feet grip the hot, bare rocks—
Oh, the tense vigor of that feel!
Down through the brambles now we reel.
With bent back straining to the heel,
Our brown feet grip the hot, bare rocks.

Rest on the yellow beach in peace!
The scarlet feathers fleck the west.
The shy things of the woods seek rest.
Here for our camp-fire seemeth best.
Rest on the yellow beach in peace.

## AT SEA

By James Cobourg Hodgins

Oh, wild, waste waves that heave and toss for ever!
  Oh, sea birds soaring in the liquid blue!
Oh, north wind thwarting now man's best endeavor!
  What do you mean to me or I to you?

You do but keep me from my destined Heaven.
  You do but threaten to engulf desire.
Beyond these misty wastes lie love and Devon,
  And the heart's hearth and Love's perpetual fire.

Ye orbs of splendor that at midnight awe me,
  Crushing my mortal strength, my human hope;
Why do you mock me, taunt me, lure me, draw me
  To toil for ever up the dizzy slope?

Against you, raging winds and waves terrific;
  Against vast systems shining without end,
And the Unknown God, hosts beatific
  I place the dearest thing on earth—a friend!

Just one slim woman full of joy and laughter—
  Light on her feet and lighter in her heart—
In whose swift wake the fairies follow after,
  In whose great soul the lowest claims a part.

Enough if, in the place of her indwelling—
  On the stark edge of utter, wilding bliss—
Eyes dancing, arms extended, bosom swelling,
  She make the last surrender in a kiss.

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